

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery. By W. Scoresby, jun. F. R. S. E. Illustrated by twenty-four engravings. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1207. Edinburgh, 1820.

THIS is one of the most valuable and interesting works that has issued from the press during the present season. The objects on which it treats are so multifarious and important; the manner in which the task is executed so highly creditable to the author, that we are confident it will be eagerly sought after by every lover of science, and by all who feel an interest in the important objects connected with the arctic regions.

After stating in the preface the authorities he has consulted, which appear to include all who have written on the subject, the author adds, 'The work is in a great measure original, being chiefly derived from researches carried on during seventeen voyages to the Spitzbergen whale fishery.' Seventeen voyages by a person of Mr. Scoresby's intelligence and observation, furnish abundant materials, and give a value to his opinions and observations which it would be difficult to find in any other writer.

The work consists of two distinct parts, each occupying a volume. The first relates to the progress of discovery in the Arctic Regions, and the natural history of Spitzbergen and the Greenland sea; the second to the whale fishery, as conducted in the seas of Greenland and Davis's Strait. On the great question on which hypothesis and conjecture have long been exhausted, the probability of a passage to the North Pole, Mr. Scoresby is not very diffuse. He discusses the point in his first chapter, and, after enumerating the various attempts to discover a north east and a north-west passage, and the arguments in favour of the existence of the latter,—to which he inclines,—he declares that the discovery would be of no commercial advantage; since the great probability is that it would be open only at intervals of some years, and then for not more than eight or ten weeks in a season.

Nearly a hundred voyages have already been made to discover this much-wished communication with India, all of which have failed; they have not, however, been entirely lost, since, independent of the valuable contributions which have by their means been made to science, they have established the Davis's Straits whale fishery, and the trade of the Hudson's Bay Company; two objects of considerable importance to the commerce of this country.

Mr. Scoresby recommends vessels of from 100 to 200 tons burden, as best adapted for discovery in the polar seas, as they are stronger and more easily managed than

those of larger dimensions. He thinks it very desirable that a vessel or two should remain in the northern part of Baffin's Bay during winter, for the reason following:—

'Vessels having to penetrate the bay from the main sea in the usual way, cannot probably obtain a passage into the bay before the middle or end of the month of July, when the season is so far advanced, that if the navigators intend to return, they can only calculate upon an interval of six or eight weeks before it will be prudent for them to make their escape out of the bay. But by wintering in the northern part of the bay, there is little doubt but that the vessel would be released by the ice as early as May or June, and thus be afforded about double the time for research that could be obtained by wintering out of the bay; at least such we know would be the case in other similar parts of the polar countries.'

We are happy, for the sake of our countrymen now on this perilous enterprize, to learn from so good authority as our author, that there would not be any very great danger in wintering in Baffin's Bay, provided a sufficient quantity of fresh provisions for the prevention of the scurvy among the men, and certain precautions for the safety of the ships were adopted. For this purpose, Mr. Scoresby recommends an ingenious apparatus invented by Mr. Morton, ship builder of Leith, for the purpose of superseding the necessity of dry docks:—

'With this apparatus a vessel of 200 to 300 tons, might be taken up by twelve or eighteen men entirely beyond the reach of the tide, in the course of about an hour. The advantage of such an apparatus in a vessel bound to the polar regions on discovery, might be very great, provided in the place where there should prove a necessity for using it, the rise of the tide should be sufficient for admitting its application, and the beach should be of a sloping nature. It could be prepared in short pieces, so as to be fitted together with screws; and though intended for sustaining the weight of a ship, would be by no means very cumbrous. Indeed any vessel of two hundred tons burden or upward, might easily carry it out in her hold, without materially, if at all interfering with the room requisite for her stores. Thus, a vessel having occasion to winter in Baffin's Bay or Davis's Strait, would require only the adjustment of the frame and ways, which three or four skilful mechanics might effect in a few days, before she could be hauled up on dry land, quite beyond the reach of either ice or tides, where she would constitute as comfortable a dwelling as could be expected in such a country.'

Mr. Scoresby is of opinion, that the most certain method of ascertaining the existence of a communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, would be by journeys on land. He says,—

'Men there are, who being long used to travel upon snow in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, would readily undertake the journey from the interior lakes of North America to the Frozen Ocean; or, in case of a continuity of land being found, to the very Pole itself, of whose success we should certainly have a reasonable ground of hope. The practicability of this mode of making discoveries has been fully proved by the

journeys of Mackenzie and Hearne; and the possibility of performing very long journeys on snow can be attested, from personal experience, by any person who has wintered a few times in Hudson's Bay. The mode of travelling in these countries is peculiar. A long journey can best be performed when the ground is covered with snow. In this case, each traveller is provided with a pair of snow shoes, and a sledge of eight to twelve feet long, and one foot in breadth, on which all the apparatus and provisions requisite for the journey are drawn by hand. Sometimes dogs are used to assist in drawing the sledges; but as the travellers are apt to fall short of provisions for them, they cannot place absolute dependence on their continued help. Without the use of dogs, a strong experienced traveller can perform, on an average, about twenty miles a day, dragging after him from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds weight of articles upon his sledge. When the surface of the snow is frozen and firm, he can occasionally accomplish forty miles a day, but this requires an effort too laborious to be continued for many days together. The best opportunity of passing these almost desert countries, is when the ground is covered with snow; the best time of the year, perhaps, in the spring months; and the most favourable hour, from one to two in the morning, until sun rise. After sun rise, the surface of the snow is apt to become soft, on which the further progress of the traveller is suspended; he then rests until the evening, or until the following morning, when the snow having become encrusted with ice, he advances with ease and celerity. If he finds himself much pinched with cold when he rests, he sets out and walks until the proper heat of his body is restored, then refreshing himself with a little nourishment, composes himself to sleep. He must *bivouack* on the snow. Here, without shelter from hut or tent, he rests, if not as comfortably, as contentedly as those accustomed to more refinement can on their well arranged couches. He usually hollows out a place in the snow to sleep in, and on the windward side places his sledges on their edges, for a defence against the wind; then laying down a few twigs of bushes or trees, when he can meet with them, in place of a bed, he wraps himself in his blanket, covers himself with his upper garments, which he makes a practice of throwing off when he rests, and enjoys his repose. The principal articles provided by the experienced traveller for his subsistence, consist of tea, oatmeal, bacon, bread, and sometimes a few fish or fowls, but no spirits; and, whenever he finds it necessary to use artificial stimuli for accelerating the circulation of the blood, and promoting the heat of the system, instead of resorting to spirituous liquors, knowing them to be injurious, he drinks freely of warm tea, which the plentifulness of wood for fire in the interior of North America, generally affords him a ready opportunity of preparing. His relish with his tea consists of a bit of broiled bacon, and perhaps a little oatmeal porridge, which articles, when other supplies of fowl, fish, or quadruped fail, being effectual for his nourishment, he lives on with contentment. With these measures and resources, travelling usually in the night and morning, and bivouacking on the snow; subsisting, when necessary, on the scanty provisions taken out with him, but always depending on occasional supplies of birds, fishes, and quadrupeds, which seldom wholly desert these countries; and directing his route by his compass, with the assistance generally of Indian guides, he performs journeys of 1000 or 1500 miles, in the course of two or three months.

The plan suggested by the author, of performing a journey in this way, for discovering the northern termination of the American continent, and for tracing it round to its junction with the coasts of the same country washed by the Atlantic, is as follows:—The party to consist of as few individuals as possible, to make their way to one of the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company, or of the Canadian traders, such as Slave Fort or the Great Slave Lake, situated in the 62nd degree of latitude, or Fort Chepewyan,

near the Athapescow Lake, in latitude 58° 40', from whence Sir Alexander Mackenzie embarked on his voyage to the Frozen Ocean; and there abode the first winter. In the month of April, the party, with one or two Esquimaux interpreters, two or more Indian guides, to set out towards the north, and, wintering among the Esquimaux, trace the line of the Frozen Ocean to such a length, that the place where it joins the western coasts of Baffin's Bay or Hudson's Bay, or the eastern side of Greenland, would be determined.

This, it appears, is the object of the expedition which government, in concert with the Hudson's Bay Company, have sent out under Lieutenant Franklin, from whose zeal and activity the most satisfactory results are to be anticipated.

After dismissing the subject of a passage to the North Pole, Mr. Scoresby gives a descriptive account of the polar countries, particularly Spitzbergen and its adjacent islands.

Spitzbergen extends the farthest towards the north of any country yet discovered. It is surrounded by the Arctic Ocean or Greenland Sea; and lies between the latitudes 76° 30' and 80° 7' north; and between the longitudes of 90° and perhaps 22° east. Though Spitzbergen has been the occasional resort of persons drawn thither for purposes of hunting and fishing, yet it does not appear to have been inhabited. The western part of this country was discovered by Barentz, Heemskirke, and Ryp, from Amsterdam, in 1596, who, on account of its numerous peaks and acute mountains, gave it the appropriate name of Spitzbergen, signifying *sharp* mountains:—

'It was rediscovered by Henry Hudson, an English navigator, in 1607, and four years afterwards became the resort of the English, for the purpose of taking whales, since which period its shores have annually been visited by one or other of the nations of Europe, with the same object, to the present time. And though the soil of the whole of this remote country does not produce vegetables suitable or sufficient for the nourishment of a single human being, yet its coasts and adjacent seas have afforded riches and independence to thousands.'

Spitzbergen is remarkable for its lofty mountains. Horn Mount, or Hedgehog Mount, is of the altitude of 4395 feet; and another peak, a few miles farther to the northward, is 3306 feet high. There is a chain of mountains on Charles's Island, which take their rise at the water's edge, and, by a continued ascent of an angle, at first of about 30°, and increasing to 45° or more, each comes to a point, with the elevation of about six-sevenths of an English mile:—

'This portion of the chain exhibits five distinct summits, the elevation of the highest of which, as determined by Captain Phipps, is 4500 feet, and of the lowest, by estimation, about 4000 feet. Some of these summits are, to appearance, within half a league, horizontal distance, of the margin of the sea. The points formed by the top of two or three of them are so fine, that the imagination is at a loss to conceive of a place on which an adventurer, attempting the hazardous exploit of climbing one of the mountains, might rest. Were such an undertaking practicable, it is evident it could not be effected without imminent danger.'

It appears, that when Barentz discovered Cherry Island, some of the sailors climbed up a high steeple mountain, similar to those of Spitzbergen, and reached its summit: but in attempting to descend, they soon lost the track, and were bewildered among the rocks. At length, after a most anxious and painful exercise, in which they found

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it necessary to slide down the rocks, while lying flat on their bodies, they reached the foot of the cliff in safety. A merchant of Holland, in a subsequent expedition, was less fortunate: he made some progress in the bold attempt of ascending one of the mountains in Charles's Island, when, his foot slipping, he fell down the deep declivity and broke his neck.

But the most interesting appearances to be found in Spitzbergen, are the Icebergs, which are formed in the valleys adjoining the coast. A little to the northward of Charles's Island, are immense mountains of ice, known by the name of the Seven Icebergs. Each of these occupies a deep valley, opening towards the sea, formed by hills of about 2000 feet in elevation on the sides, and terminated in the interior by the chain of mountains of perhaps 3000 to 3500 feet in height, which follow the line of the coast:—

'The Seven Icebergs are each, on an average, about a mile in length, and perhaps near two hundred feet in height at the sea edge; but some of those to the southward are much greater. A little to the northward of Horn Sound, is the largest iceberg I have seen. It occupies eleven miles in length of the sea coast. The highest part of the precipitous front, adjoining the sea, is, by measurement, four hundred and two feet, and it extends backward to the summit of the mountain, to about four times that elevation. Its surface forms a beautiful inclined plane of smooth snow; the edge is uneven and perpendicular. At the distance of fifteen miles, the front edge subtended an angle of ten minutes of a degree. Near the South Cape lies another iceberg, nearly as extensive as this. It occupies the space between two lateral ridges of hills, and reaches the very summit of the mountain, in the back-ground, on which it rests.

'It is not easy to form an adequate conception of these truly wonderful productions of nature. Their magnitude, their beauty, and the contrast they form with the gloomy rocks around, produce sensations of lively interest. Their upper surfaces are generally concave: the higher parts are always covered with snow, and have a beautiful appearance; but the lower parts, in the latter end of every summer, present a bare surface of ice. The front of each, which varies in height from the level of the ocean, to four hundred or five hundred feet above it, lies parallel with the shore, and is generally washed by the sea. This part, resting on the strand, is undermined to such an extent by the sea, when in any way turbulent, that immense masses, loosened by the freezing of water lodged in the recesses in winter, or by the effect of streams of water running over its surface and through its chasms in summer, break asunder, and with a thundering noise fall into the sea. But as the water is in most places shallow in front of these icebergs, the masses which are dislodged are commonly reduced into fragments before they can be floated away into the main sea. This fact seems to account for the rarity of icebergs in the Spitzbergen sea.

'The front surface of icebergs is glistening and uneven. Wherever a part has recently broken off, the colour of the fresh fracture is a beautiful greenish blue, approaching to emerald-green; but such parts as have long been exposed to the air, are of a greenish-grey colour, and, at a distance, sometimes exhibit the appearance of cliffs of whitish marble. In all cases, the effect of the iceberg is to form a pleasing variety in prospect, with the magnificence of the encompassing snow-clad mountains, which, as they recede from the eye, seem to "rise crag above crag," in endless perspective.

'On an excursion to one of the Seven Icebergs, in July 1818, I was particularly fortunate in witnessing one of the grandest effects which these polar glaciers ever present. A strong north-westerly swell having for some hours been beating on the shore, had loosened a number of fragments attached to the iceberg, and various heaps of broken ice denoted recent

shoots of the seaward edge. As we rowed towards it with a view of proceeding close to its base, I observed a few little pieces fall from the top, and while my eye was fixed upon the place, an immense column, probably fifty feet square, and one hundred and fifty feet high, began to leave the parent ice at the top, and leaning majestically forward with an accelerated velocity, fell with an awful crash into the sea. The water into which it plunged was converted into an appearance of vapour or smoke, like that from a furious cannonading. The noise was equal to that of thunder, which it nearly resembled. The column which fell was nearly square, and in magnitude resembled a church. It broke into thousands of pieces. This iceberg was full of rents as high as any of our people ascended upon it, extending in a direction particularly downward, and divided into innumerable columns. In some places, chasms of several yards in width were seen, in others they were only a few inches or feet across. One of the sailors who attempted to walk across the iceberg, imprudently stepped into a narrow chasm filled up with snow to the general level. He instantly plunged up to his shoulders, and might, but for the sudden exertion of his arms, have been buried in the gulf.'

The fishermen reside on shore during the winter in huts, of the same kind as those used by the peasants in Russia, which being taken out with them in pieces, are constructed with little trouble in the most convenient situations. The most comfortable hut which Captain Scoresby had met with was on the north west point of the Foreland, in the year 1809, and which he thus describes:—

'It was built of logs of half round timber, the original trees being slit up the middles; the round sides were put outward, and the ends of the timber forming two adjoining sides stretched beyond the corner, and being notched half way into each other, formed a cleft joint. The logs were placed horizontally, and were built into a rectangular form, about fourteen feet long, ten broad, and six high. The seams were coated with moss. Near the ground were two windows of six panes of glass each, one on the east side and the other on the south. The roof, which was flat, was formed of deals, and loaded with stones. A barrel without ends composed the chimney. To the north end of the building was attached a small square court, open at the top, having a doorway on the east side of it, communicating with, and affording some shelter to the door of the hut. In the outer court were two casks of about 100 gallons capacity each, which were found to be filled with meal. Several tubs lay near the casks, and a quantity of pease. In the interior of the hut we found a variety of domestic utensils, consisting of platters, a stool, an earthen pot, horn spoons, a tomahawk, a boat hook, a spear, and several small wax tapers, with a variety of trifling articles. On a wooden bench fixed against the west side of the apartment, were ranged in order with pendant necks at least twenty ducks, with a number of eggs about them; they were all in a state of putrefaction.'

Captain Scoresby supposes this hut to have been occupied by some Russian hunters, who had perished prematurely.

On Jan Mayen island our author found signs of a volcano; fragments of lava were seen at every step; blocks of burnt clay were next met with. Numerous pointed rocks were sticking through the sound. One of these, which was vesicular basalt, had numerous beautiful crystals and grains of angite bedded in it. Along with this was a rock, which appeared to be very nearly allied to the celebrated basaltic millstone of Andernach. With some difficulty they reached the mouth of the volcano:—

'On reaching this summit, estimated at 1500 feet above level of the sea, we beheld [says the author] a beautiful

ter, forming a basin of 500 or 600 feet in depth, and 600 or 700 yards in diameter. It was of a circular form, and both the interior and exterior sides had a similar inclination. The bottom of the crater was filled with alluvial matter, to such a height that it presented a horizontal flat of an elliptical form, measuring 400 feet by 240. A subterranean cavern penetrated the side of the crater at the bottom, from whence a spring of water issued, which, after running a short distance towards the south, disappeared in the sand.

(To be continued.)

The Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts. No. xvii; April, 1820.

FROM a variety of interesting articles contained in the present number of the 'Quarterly Journal,' we select one on the new inventions in engraving, entitled the Siderographic Process, which promises not only to be of the highest utility in the fine arts, but, by its application for the prevention of forgery, of not less importance to the cause of humanity. The article is entitled,—

'Some Account of Messrs. Perkins and Fairman's Inventions connected with the Art of Engraving.'

'Among the numerous discoveries and inventions that have adorned the present age, there are certainly none of more interest or importance than those of which we propose to give a brief account in this article; indeed, they form an epoch in the history of the fine arts, and display a degree of skill and ingenuity in overcoming the various difficulties that must have presented themselves, and which are neither light nor few, infinitely creditable to the artists concerned.'

'Through the kindness of Mr. Perkins, we have been enabled to examine his siderographic process in all its parts: and we think that, independent of its other merits, it may be considered as especially important in relation to the great and increasing crime of forgery;—a crime which it is doubtless impossible to prevent, but which is at present so easy of execution and difficult of detection, that he who increases the obstacles and doubles the difficulties opposed to so heinous an offence, must be considered as not less deserving of the thanks of his country than of mankind in general.'

'Mr. Perkins's plan is briefly this. He has discovered a peculiar method of rendering steel extremely soft and sectile, so as to furnish a better material for the engraver to work upon than even copper itself. Upon a plate of steel thus softened, we will suppose an engraving has been executed by one of our first artists, at considerable labour and expense; it is then returned to Mr. Perkins, who, by a process as peculiarly his own as the former, renders it as hard as the hardest steel, without in the smallest degree injuring even the most delicate lines of the graver. A cylinder of soft steel is then prepared, of proper dimensions to receive an impression in relief from the hardened engraved plate, upon its periphery, a process effected by rolling it over the hardened plate in a singularly constructed press, invented by the patentees for the purpose. This cylinder, now bearing a perfect impression in relief of the original engraving, is next submitted to the hardening operation, and is then ready for use: that is, being properly placed in the press, it is rolled over a plate of copper, upon which it indents any required number of copies of the first engraving, every copy thus produced being of course a perfect fac-simile of the original. So that, in this way, any number of copper-plates may be engraved in a very short time, from an original of the most exquisite workmanship, each of which, we believe we may safely pronounce, shall be quite equal to an original copper-plate engraving from the same hand, and of the same merits.'

'But the impression from the cylinder may be made, if required, upon soft steel, instead of copper, and this, afterwards hardened, becomes capable of affording an infinitely greater number of good impressions than the copper-plate; it may also be used as a new source of copies upon the cylin-

ders, thus presenting a means of multiplying the engravings beyond precedent, and almost eluding calculation.'

'When it is remembered that all kinds of engravings, the finest as well as the most common, may be multiplied upon the same principle, the utility and economy of the plan, where numerous impressions are required, will be at once evident; and a means is afforded of substituting, in a variety of publications requiring many copies of the same engraving, fine and perfect works of art, at the same expense which is now incurred for those of a very inferior description. The despatch, too, with which all this is effected is not one of the smallest merits of Messrs. Perkins and Fairman's very extraordinary invention; the specimen (plate 2.) with which, through their assistance, we are enabled to present our readers, could certainly not have been produced in the ordinary mode of engraving in less than six months; whereas, by the process we are describing it was indented upon the copper from the originals in less than half as many hours.'

'It will appear, from our specimen, that engine engraving, exhibited in the border at the top, and repeated at the bottom of the plate, may be combined with that of the artist, and the machine by which these are produced, appears, as far as our information goes, to be preferable to any that has hitherto been employed for the same purpose. It has the property of designing its own patterns or figures, and in such endless variety that they can only be compared to the whimsical and infinitely varied combinations presented by the kaleidoscope.'

'The border also exhibits another important operation of the engine, which consists in producing the engraving alternately indented and in relief, so as to imitate copper and wood engraving, every other link of the chain of which it is composed differing from its neighbour, by exhibiting white lines where the other is black, and *vice versa*. This inversion of the engraving by Mr. Perkin's engine throws very great difficulties in the way of imitators; the same object can scarcely be attained by any method except wood-cuts, and the impossibility of imitating the delicate work which our plate exhibits, must be quite evident.'

'The most important light, however, in which we can view this new art of engraving, relates to its possible applications to the prevention of forgery.'

'It is a well known fact, that, independent of the expense and time necessarily attending the production of a fine copper plate engraving, the wear of a plate is such, that a few hundred perfect copies can only be taken without re-touching it, which, when performed by the hand of the engraver, necessarily destroys the identity of the plate; but the immense number of impressions that would be required in applying fine engravings to the purposes of the Bank of England, is such as wholly to preclude any idea of the prevention of forgery, by the exquisiteness of a copper-plate engraving. Further, it must be admitted, that no artist can form an exact duplicate of any of his own engravings; and if it be impossible to make a perfect imitation even of his own work, how much less probable is it, that another person should execute such a duplicate. Supposing it, therefore, possible, that a very finely executed engraving could be multiplied to any extent, without chance of change, the forging of such an engraving could be detected by any person possessed of one of the originals, who would be at the trouble of carefully comparing the arrangements of the lines and dots in both. This multiplication of the original by the production of any number of exact copies, is attained by the process above described, and the plate furnishes an instance of the perfect resemblance of the copies to the original, for if any two of the repeated engravings be very carefully inspected, it will be found that they are so perfectly similar as to bear all the characters of having been taken from one and the same plate: this is particularly shown in the centre medallion on each side of the plate, which contains the charter of the Bank of England, in very minute characters, and which presents peculiar difficulties to successful imitation.'

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devised, in which the fine arts are employed, comes at all into competition with the present plan; and we need scarcely add, that in respect to bank notes printed in the usual way, identification is impossible, since no two plates of the same denomination are in all respects alike. In this remark we would by no means be considered as making the smallest allusion to the new plan adopted by the Bank, at the suggestion of the commission appointed under the great seal for the purpose; and with the merits and nature of which we are entirely unacquainted.

'If we suppose a bank note, with a sufficient quantity of ornaments, or vignettes, executed upon the principle which we explained, we conceive that the receiver of notes may render himself nearly, if not absolutely, safe, by furnishing himself with an original impression of the engraved parts, by the close inspection of which he may surely determine whether the impressions upon the note are from the same plate; and forgers, knowing that every person may, if he choose, put himself in possession of the means of detecting the spurious note, will, probably, not be induced to risk so much with a trifling prospect of success, since those only who will not be at the trouble of informing themselves, can be imposed upon.'

The engraving referred to in the preceding article, is one of the most exquisite workmanship: at each corner is a medallion; two of them are excellent portraits of his present Majesty; the other two are of a female. At the top and bottom are borders entirely formed of engine engraving. Two centre medallions, of an oval form, and not more than an inch long, and half an inch broad, contain each the charter of the Bank of England, most delicately executed. In the body of the engraving, are five groups of figures, emblematic of the fine arts, science, commerce, &c. The whole is beautiful, and exhibits such a variety of specimens of engraving, as to render any approach to imitation extremely difficult.

Retribution, a Poem. Addressed to Woman. By Charles Swan, Author of *Omar, an Eastern Tale, &c. &c.* 8vo. pp. 71. London, 1820.

WHEN a former production of Mr. Swan came under review, we took occasion to notice his literary vanity, which made him affect to despise all criticism, and to be so confident of his own talents, as to be quite indifferent to what the public might think of them. Of this vanity, Mr. Swan still retains a large portion. We at the same time censured the author for the severity of his invectives against that sex, whom it is almost a crime not to adore. Mr. Swan now has become sensible of this himself, and his present poem is the *amende honorable*, which, in his 'Epistle Dedicatory,' he informs us, he 'offers at the shrine of offended beauty,' as 'all the reparation a man can offer for the errors of an heretical creed.' But, like all new converts, Mr. Swan seems to pass from one extreme to the other, and he now eulogizes, in the most fulsome language, the sex he so lately treated with unfeeling severity.

If any of our readers should wish to know why this poem is called, 'Retribution,' we must refer them to Mr. Swan himself, for as 'a rose, under any other name, would smell as sweet,' so any other title would have done quite as well for this poem. The subject is woman; to represent her in as perfect a view as possible, and to censure all who entertain a doubt of her perfections, is the apparent object of the author. He represents her under various forms, and has, as we suppose, dragged in the names of all his female friends; for we have Eliza, Miranda,

Helen, Augusta, Laura, Mary, &c. but for what purpose we know not. The list reminds us of that of Don Juan's favourites, preserved by his faithful servant, Lepe-re-ello, to shew the extent of his master's female acquaintance.

We are sorry that Mr. Swan does not enable us to speak favourably of his poem, but really what can be said to a couplet like the following, when speaking of persons

'Whose understandings, made to stay or go,
Like boys in go-carts, to "gee whup, gee whoe!"'

Or of a lady whose

'One fair arm rests upon an organ, (full
Of heavenly tones, that lift hearts even dull!')

Such lines as these would disfigure any poem, and really, there is not sufficient merit in the whole to excuse them. The following passage on female education, is one of the best in the poem:—

'Oh! let us banish, then, ideas that bind
In chains of slavery the female mind;
Nor think that little jealousies will start
To thwart the affections of each wedded heart:—
Labours must lighten, when love's sweetest ties
Unite in cultur'd souls:—new pleasures rise
In the mild varied blossom she displays,
That takes its golden tint from learning's rays!
I love not pedantry, and partial ill
Hath always mixed with good—and always will;
But yet consider—pedantry appears
Not in the learn'd alone;—the numbered years
Of hoary ignorance this garb assumes,
And vainly flutters in pedantic plumes!
The froward fair one, ere from school set free,
Plagues ye to death with rich embroidery,
And (dreadful torment!) amplifies her chat
With "this how charming—but how heavenly that;"
Whilst, on the laws of grammar to intrench,
Your ears are stunned with scraps of murdered French.
And older grown—she drawls the tender scenes,
(Culled from romances,) of imprisoned queens,
Or dying heroines—then with tragic start,
Presses her hand against her *bleeding* heart!
As much of pedantry in this I find,
As if, with highly cultivated mind,
She ostentatiously displayed her store
Of classic authors and recondite lore;
And much more studiously I'd shun the first,
Though with the last alternative accurst!'

From the minor poems which are added to that of 'Retribution,' we select one which exhibits a much more favourable specimen of the author's talents, and is by no means destitute of poetic merit:—

TO JULIA,

REFUSING TO TAKE WINE.

SPARKLES the wine—the goblet's edge?
Drinks the full tide of bliss—
Oh! come, dear Julia, take the pledge
Of cups so bright as this.

Thy gentle heart will never know
One thrill of feeling less—
Rather thy mantling cheek will glow
With fuller loveliness.—

For Mirth there plumes her golden wings;
Love too, lives smiling there;
Around whose sacred altar springs
The charm that mocks despair!—

Rich, though it be, the rubied wine
 Shall redden on thy lips—
 Where mirth and love transported shine,
 Whelmed in the bright eclipse !
 Then come—one cup, our first and last,
 E'en Virtue shall approve :
 And, spurning every sorrow past,
 We'll drink—To those we love !

THE FATE OF CALAS.

[A more foul murder was never committed in the sacred name of justice, than that on the unfortunate Calas; the subject excited great interest in Europe at the time, and Voltaire displayed his humanity and his eloquence by his unceasing efforts to rescue the memory of Calas from the foul stain that had been cast upon it, and to obtain justice for his much injured family. As the subject has lately been dramatized in Paris, with great success, and has, within the last few days, been produced at two of the London theatres, (the Surrey and Sadler's Wells,) many of our readers may wish to be acquainted with the original story. The following account is abridged from Voltaire's Essay on Toleration.]

THE murder of Calas, committed at Toulouse, by the hand of justice, on the 9th of March, 1762, is one of the most singular events which can be offered to the attention of the present age, or of posterity. In this strange affair, religion, suicide, and parricide have been blended. The questions were, whether a father and mother had strangled their own son to obtain the favour of God? Whether a brother had strangled his brother, or a friend his friend; and whether the judges had the guilt of having broken on the wheel an innocent father, or of having saved a guilty mother, brother, and friend?

John Calas, at the age of sixty-eight, had been in the business of a merchant at Toulouse, for forty years, and was considered by all those who had lived with him as a good father. He and his wife were protestants, and so were all his children, except one, who had abjured heresy, and to whom he allowed a small annuity. He was so far removed from that absurd fanaticism which breaks all social bonds, that he approved the conversion of his son Louis Calas, and had kept in the house for thirty years a female servant who was a zealous catholic, and who had brought up all his children.

One of the sons of John Calas, called Mark Anthony, was a man of letters. He was deemed a person of restless, melancholy, and violent disposition. This young man, not being able to manage or to succeed in mercantile business, for which he was not qualified, and not being admitted as advocate or counsel, because a certificate of his being a catholic was necessary, resolved to put an end to his life, and communicated his design to one of his friends. He strengthened his resolution by reading every thing that had been written on suicide.

In short, having lost his money one day at play, he was determined, by that circumstance, to execute his design. A friend of his, as well as of the family, called Lavoisse, arrived from Bourdeaux in the evening. He was a youth of the age of nineteen, remarkable for the candour and sweetness of his manners, and the son of a celebrated advocate at Toulouse. He supped, by a kind of accident, at the house of Calas. The father, the mother, Mark Anthony the eldest, and Peter the second son, were of the company. After supper, they withdrew into a little hall,

and Mark Anthony disappeared. When the young Lavoisse had taken his leave, and Peter Calas was accompanying him down stairs, they found Mark Anthony stripped to his shirt, and hanging at the door of the warehouse. His clothes were folded and laid on the counter; his shirt was but a little discomposed; his hair was carefully combed, and his body had neither wounds nor bruises.

We shall not here repeat the details of what passed on this occasion, given by the advocates; we shall not attempt to describe the grief and despair of the father and mother, whose cries were heard through the neighbourhood. Lavoisse and Peter Calas, in a state little short of distraction, ran to bring surgeons and officers of justice.

While they were acquitting themselves of this duty; while the father and mother were sobbing and shedding tears from the bitterest grief, the people of Toulouse crowded round the house. Some fanatic among the populace exclaimed, that John Calas had hanged his own son. That exclamation being repeated, was unanimously assented to in a moment. It was added by some persons, that the deceased young man was to have made his abjuration the following day, but that his family, assisted by the young Lavoisse, had put him to death out of hatred to the Catholic religion. This was admitted beyond doubt. The whole city was persuaded, that it is a principle of religion among protestants, that a father and mother should assassinate their son, when he entertained any thoughts of being converted.

When the minds of men are once set in motion, it is not easy to stop them. It was supposed, that the protestants of Languedoc had assembled the preceding evening; that they had chosen, by a plurality of voices, an executioner of their sect; that the choice had fallen on young Lavoisse; that the young man, in four-and-twenty hours, had received the news of his election, and had travelled from Bourdeaux, to aid John Calas, his wife, and his son Peter, to murder a friend, a son, and a brother.

Sieur David, sheriff of Toulouse, roused by these rumours, and wishing to have the merit of a prompt execution, instituted a process contrary to the rules and laws observed on such occasions. The family of Calas, Lavoisse, and the catholic servant, were put in irons.

A monitory letter enjoining those who knew any thing of this affair to reveal it, and which was no less iniquitous than the process, was published. They went further—Mark Anthony Calas died a Calvinist; and if he had put an end to his own life, his body should have been dragged through the streets; but he was buried with the greatest pomp in the church of St. Etienne, though the curate protested against it as the greatest profanation. The order of White Brothers celebrated a solemn service at the interment of Mark Anthony Calas, as if he had died a martyr. No festival sacred to a real martyr was ever observed with more solemnity; but the pomp of it was terrible: they placed on a magnificent scaffold a skeleton, which they could cause to move, that represented Mark Anthony Calas holding a palm in one hand, and in the other a pen, with which he was to have signed his abjuration of heresy, but which, in effect, wrote the death-warrant of his unhappy father.

There was but one step further to be taken with the poor youth who had put an end to his life, and that was canonization. The people considered him as a saint; some invoked, some prayed at his shrine, others requested mi-

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acles, and others related those which he had performed. A monk drew out some of his teeth, in order to be in possession of durable relics. A devotee, who had been deaf, said he had heard the sound of the bells; and a priest, who had received a stroke of an apoplexy, was cured on taking only an emetic. They prepared narratives of these miracles. The author of this account has an attested case of a young man who lost the use of his understanding by remaining whole nights in prayer on the tomb of this new saint, and not obtaining any of the miracles which he implored.

Thirteen judges assembled every day to try the cause. There was no proof of guilt; indeed, there could be none against the family of Calas: but false religion furnished what would serve as such. Six judges insisted long and violently, that John Calas, his son Peter, and young Lavoisier, should be broken on the wheel, and that the wife of Calas should be burnt. The other seven, something more moderate, wished to have the affair examined into. This occasioned long and repeated debates. One of the judges, convinced of the innocence of the accused, and even of the impossibility of their having committed the crime, spoke warmly in their favour; he opposed the zeal of humanity to that of cruelty. He became the public advocate of the family of Calas, throughout Toulouse, where the constant clamour of false religion required the blood of those unfortunate persons. Another of the judges, remarkable for his violence, was provoked by their being defended, and used more zeal and industry in inflaming the city against them. In short, this contest grew so warm, that both the judges were obliged to decline their attendance on business, and to retire into the country.

But, unfortunately, the judge most favourable to Calas, had the delicacy to persist in his absence, and the other returned to give his voice against persons whom it had not been decent for him to sit in judgment upon. His voice was fatal to the pretended criminal, who was condemned by eight against five; one out of the six judges, favourable at the commencement, after long persuasion, being brought over to the more severe and cruel party.

The judges who were resolved on the punishment of John Calas, endeavoured to persuade the others, that the feeble old man would not be able to sustain the torments inflicted on him; and that, under the hands of the executioner, he would confess his crime, and that of his accomplices. They were confounded when the old man dying on the wheel appealed to God as the witness of his innocence, and prayed that he would pardon his judges.

They were obliged to issue a second decree, which contradicted the first, and by which the mother, her son Peter, young Lavoisier, and the servant, were to be enlarged. But, being told that the one discredited the other, that they condemned themselves, that all the accused had been together during the whole time in which the murder was supposed to have been committed, they discharged the surviving prisoners, and thereby plainly proved the innocence of the father who had been executed. To preserve some appearance of consistency, they banished Peter Calas.

They began by menacing Peter Calas in his dungeon, by treating him as his father had been treated, in order to induce him to change his religion. This is what the young man has attested upon oath. His words were, 'A Dominican came into my dungeon, and said I should un-

dergo the same kind of death with my father, if I did not abjure my religion. This I attest before God. July 23, 1762.'

As Peter Calas was leaving Toulouse, he met a zealous abbé, who obliged him to return into the city. He was shut up in a convent of Dominicans, and forced to go through the several ceremonies and duties enjoined by the Catholic religion. This seemed to be an equivalent to the blood of the father, and religion appeared satisfied, when it thought itself amply revenged.

The daughters were taken away from the mother and placed in a convent. This unhappy woman, who had lately pressed in her arms the breathless corpse of her eldest son, while, as it were, sprinkled with the blood of her murdered husband, saw her other son banished, was deprived of her daughters, stripped of her goods, and left alone in the world, without bread, without hope, and sinking under the weight of her miseries. Some persons, who had attentively examined the circumstances of this horrible affair, were so struck with their iniquity, that they advised the widow Calas to quit the place, and to demand justice at the very foot of the throne. At this time she was so reduced, as to have but few and short intervals from fainting; besides, being a native of England, and brought over to that part of France very young, the very thought of Paris alarmed her. She imagined, that the cruelty and barbarity which influenced the magistrates of Toulouse, must be more dreadful in those who governed the capital. At last, however, the duty of doing justice to the memory of her husband prevailed over her weakness. She arrived at Paris almost expiring under her wretchedness, and was astonished at the reception she had, and the tenderness with which she was countenanced and supported. At Paris, reason prevails over fanaticism, though it be extremely powerful; in the province, fanaticism has always prevailed over reason.

M. de Beaumont, a celebrated advocate of the parliament of Paris, immediately undertook her cause, and stated an opinion on it, which was signed by fifteen advocates. M. Loiseau, a man no less eloquent than M. de Beaumont, wrote a memorial in favour of the family; and M. Mariette, advocate of the council, drew up a petition on the principles of law and justice, which struck the minds of all men with conviction.

Those generous defenders of innocence and of the laws, gave up to the widow all the profits arising from the several editions of their memorials, petitions, &c. Paris, and even Europe, was moved with compassion, and joined this unfortunate woman in demanding justice. Judgment was given by the public in her favour long before the decree was signed by the council.

Compassion forced its way even to the minister; in spite of the continual torrent of affairs which often exclude it, and against the habit of seeing the unhappy, which has still a greater effect in hardening the heart. The daughters were restored to the mother; and they were seen, dressed in crape, and bathed in tears, to draw tears from their judges.

This family had still some enemies; for religion was involved in their case. Several persons, who are called in France devotees, said publicly, it was much better that an old calvinist, admitting that he was innocent, should be broken on the wheel, than that eight counsellors of Languedoc should submit to the indignity of confessing

they had been mistaken. It was the cause of the whole magistracy, which consisted of much greater numbers, and persons of greater importance, than the family of Calas, which ought to be sacrificed to the honour of magistracy. They did not consider that the honour of a judge, like that of any other man, consisted in repairing the effects of his faults. The people of France do not believe, that the pope, assisted by his cardinals, is infallible; it might be imagined, that eight judges of Toulouse could never have been thought so. All disinterested and sensible men said, that the edict at Toulouse would be reprobated throughout Europe, though particular considerations might prevent its being repealed in the council.

On the 7th of March, 1763, the council of state being assembled at Versailles, the ministers assisting, and the chancellor presiding at it, M. de Crosne, master of requests, reported the affair of Calas, with the impartiality of a judge, the precision of a man perfectly informed, and with the simple and real eloquence of a senatorial orator, which alone is suitable to such an assembly. In the gallery a prodigious crowd of persons of all ranks waited with impatience the decision of the council. In a short time, a message was sent to the King, that it was the unanimous opinion of the council, the parliament of Toulouse should send up the minutes of their proceedings, and the motives of their judgment, which had caused John Calas to be broken alive on the wheel. His Majesty approved of the decree of the council.

From the 7th of March, to the time in which the definitive judgment was pronounced, two years elapsed; so easy is it for fanaticism to take away the life of an innocent person, and so difficult for reason to obtain justice to his memory. Those long delays it was necessary to bear, because they were occasioned by forms. The less those forms had been observed in the condemnation of Calas, they were to be the more rigorously attended to by the council of state. It took up more than a year to compel the parliament of Toulouse to send the minutes of their proceedings, in order to be examined, and to be reported by the council. M. de Crosne was entrusted with that laborious undertaking. An assembly of near eighty judges reversed the decree of the parliament of Toulouse, and ordered a revisal of the whole process.

The King committed the final decision to a tribunal, called *Les Requêtes de l'Hotel*. This chamber was composed of masters of requests, who sat on processes between the officers of the court, and on causes which the King referred to their determination. A tribunal could not have been fixed upon, better instructed in this affair. It consisted of the same magistrates, who had twice given judgment on the preliminary steps to the revision, and who were perfectly acquainted with the merits and forms of this business.

The widow of John Calas, her son, and young Lavaisse, surrendered themselves, and were put in prison; the old catholic woman, who had been the servant of the family, and who would not quit it, at a time, when it was supposed she had murdered a child and a brother: this poor creature was brought to Paris from the centre of Languedoc. The court deliberated on the same evidence, which had served to condemn John Calas to the wheel, and his son Peter to exile.

In the mean time, persons of the first consideration resorted in crowds to visit the widow Calas in prison, where her daughters were shut up with her. They were

affected even to tears. Humanity and generosity were lavish of their assistance. What is called charity afforded them none. Charity, which is so often niggardly and insulting, is the virtue of devotees; and the devotees were inimical to the family of Calas.

The day at last arrived, when innocence obtained a full triumph. M. de Baquancourt having reported the procedure, and having stated the minutest circumstances of the affair, all the judges unanimously declared the family innocent; cruelly and wrongfully condemned by the parliament of Toulouse. They did justice to the memory of the father. They permitted the family immediately to commence actions against their judges, in order to be reimbursed their expences, and obtain damages for their injuries, which the magistrates of Toulouse ought to have offered themselves.

This occasioned an universal joy in Paris; people crowded the public squares and walks; they ran to behold a family which had been so cruelly injured, and so ably justified; they cheered the judges as they passed, and loaded them with benedictions. And to render the spectacle still more affecting, it was the 9th of March, the same day of the month on which John Calas perished by the most cruel punishment.

The judges of the court of requests had done complete justice to the family of Calas; and in that they had only done their duty. There is a further duty, that of beneficence, rarely practised by tribunals, who seem to think themselves instituted merely to be equitable. The masters of the court of requests resolved to draw up a petition to his Majesty, in the name of their whole body, praying he would repair, by his bounty, the ruin of the family. The letter or petition was written. The King answered it, by ordering thirty-six thousand livres to be paid to the widow, who was to give three thousand to that virtuous woman her servant, who had persisted in defending the truth, by defending her master and his family.

Original Communications.

A COUNTRYMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

DEAR SWEETING,—Don't put your dear self in a *fan-tique* because I write from this place, for I have all heart's desire but you up here with I. What a place this is, Betsey! Why you would go into *epileptics* with joy to see so many fine places, smart people, ribbon shops, and the like o'that. But you shall hear a bit of what I saw last night by way of preparation, before I comes home. First, I went with cousin Bob to the 'Change, a square like, full of people strutting and hustling together, all the world like our fair, and there I saw some writing which would make old *demagogue* the schoolmaster cry his spectacles off his nose for ever!—Oh! 'twas mortal beautiful! and up over one's head kings and queens were carved in *elegy* and the like o'that. Next, he takes I to the Burton (now I knows your mouth will water) where we had such drink, and such rabbits! Then off we goes to an auction, where people were crammed as close as ducks in a hamper going to market; and in a better pulpit than we have at the meeting house, the seller sold such lots of books and pretty pictures and that. "'Tis going," cries he,—"'tis going for only six shillings; 'tis going,—

'tis gone;' and so down slaps his hammer on his desk, which means, you know, the books and that be going into somebody's care, and the money for them, into his pocket. Now we goes and has coffee and that, at Peele's Coffee-house, where I might have slept over a newspaper or so, but, as I was never overtaken with *larning*, says I, 'come Bob, let's move.' So he next took me to the play-house, which they calls here, *a-thee-a-tre!* the *insignificancy* of which means, supposing you and I talks together and that. We stood at the door amazing long, and my toes were almost *scrunched* into a custard. 'Bless my stars!' cries I now and then—'It's a mercy Betsey be at home darning and the like!' But we got in at last, and what with the people up stairs, the noise in the garret, the pretty wenches, the actors, the music, and the play, O Betsey, I was exported into heaven, as our parson says; and sorry enough when the service was done. 'Now, Coz,' said Bob, for supper my boy; so we played a fine figure at the table, Betsey! But, this had like to have upset me, for I had the night-mare all the blessed night.

This morning I went to see the clock strike at Temple-bar, and had eggs and fish for breakfast,—there Betsey! I have sent you a *substract* of the new laws for feyther,—a snuff-box for old deam, and a bugle-horn for Tom to call in the cows with; I have sent a keepsake or two, and so no more at present, from your ever loving sweet-heart,

SIMON STRAWSTACK.

Bear and Ragged Staff,

London, March 27th 1820.

P. S. Lost my spotted *handkitcher* while looking at a picture shop. Oh! could I catch the thief, I would twist he into a horsewhip.

S. S.

THE TUTOR.

How much is the male branch of a family indebted to the exertions of a good tutor! He acts in an honourable and in a useful capacity, and although he confines his attention to one or two pupils, he is not to be the less respected on that account. He devotes his time to the improvement of the young, and furnishes the juvenile mind with moral advice and scientific instruction.

Who presented to Juvenis the valuable gifts of literature and the rich prize of knowledge? Who taught him to express the bright effusions of his mind with literary propriety? Who taught him to unite, in the finished productions of his pen, the majesty of the Demosthenian, and the elegance of the Ciceronian styles? Who made him acquainted with the heathen morals of Seneca, Socrates, Xenophon, and Plato, and with the history of the ancient and modern worlds? Who perfected him in astronomical discoveries, geographical information, and geological science? Who implanted in his mind those religious truths which have made him pious, and form the very basis of his present creed? Who taught him the powerful strength of the ancient classics, and the softness of the French, and the music of the Italian, and the harshness of the German languages? Who, in order to render him still more accomplished, superadded to these inestimable attainments, the splendid ornament of poetic excellence? In conclusion,—to whom is he indebted for the rich fertility of his imagination,—the capacious strength of his mind, and the sober propriety of his con-

duct? To all these questions, and they are very serious ones, I reply, that Juvenis received such great accomplishments from his tutor, and that I trust, so long as memory holds her seat in his mind, he will entertain a grateful sense of these most weighty obligations. If at any future period, the grateful impression of such favours be unfortunately erased from his brain, and he betray ingratitude and neglect in return for them, then he will most unquestionably prove himself to be unworthy of them. He will forfeit that almost unbounded confidence and tender esteem which I have ever entertained for Juvenis, in consequence of his elegant accomplishments and ingenuous conduct. He will prove himself to be an odious ingrate, unworthy of all friendship, and I shall then cease to respect him. May he never give me occasion to reproach him for such ingratitude.

There is great responsibility attached to the office of tutor, and in some families he is not treated with that respect, nor invested with that independence, which ought to accompany the master of erudition and the teacher of learning.

Ye heads of families! pay the tutor liberally,—treat him respectfully, and you will thereby stimulate his exertions, on behalf of the young charges whom you consign to his care. And this will be no unmerited boon, but merely that to which his arduous and useful labours entitle him. And when he advances to the decline of life, forget him not in his grey hairs, but provide an honourable competency for the man of learning, by the regular payment of a liberal annuity; and when he dies, erect over his remains a neat tomb, surmounted with a sculptured book, and let the simple inscription of the tablet be, '*Here lies the man who educated my son!*' Let your names be engraven underneath, and posterity will regard the respected monument, as a pleasing proof of the tutor's fidelity and of your gratitude.

In my passage through life, whether I enter the giddy maze of the fashionable world, or seclude myself in the studious solitude of my closet, may the kind monitor of youth always live in the memory of

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Biography.

BENJAMIN WEST, Esq. P. R. A.

(Concluded from p. 222.)

MR. WEST also effected a revolution in the dressing of figures, and would not encourage the ridiculous fashion of clothing figures indiscriminately, with the ancient Greek and Roman costumes. He adopted, as an axiomatical truth, the principle, that the dress of a picture has no influence upon the passions of the mind; that it may add to the ornament, but that it imparts no energy to the soul. In consequence of the success and propriety attending the establishment of this principle, artists have since cautiously refrained from dressing their figures in a costume contrary to the period and country in which the subjects which they represent took place. This revolution in painting was highly applauded by the good sense of men of all nations, although it required time to overcome that prejudice which exists in favour of the long accustomed mode. Reynolds himself was not free from this idle prejudice, and strongly advised West to put his figures in

armour, in his first sketch of 'The Death of Wolfe;' but although he respected his adviser, he was determined to risk his more rational attempt, at the expense of fashion, and to discover whether the public would not equally respect the memory and valour of Wolfe, whether he was clad in a red coat or in steel armour, and the experiment succeeded well. A few weeks previous to the decease of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he had appointed Mr. West to preside at the chair as his deputy, and to tender to the general assembly his resignation. Mr. West was, therefore, appointed chairman to conduct the affairs of the Academy *pro. tem.* The academicians, sensible both of the talents of Mr. West, and of his long intimate connection with the Academy, *una voce* elected him to the presidency. He accepted the chair, not for the purpose of gratifying private interest or empty vanity, but he was swayed by the honourable sense of improving the condition of the arts, and of elevating their character. Upon his succession to the chair, he directed his attention to the better management of the financial resources of the institution. Considering the receipt at the annual exhibitions to be a productive resource both of money and talent, he in every mode promoted their excellence and increased their attraction, whereby the society was enabled to establish upon a permanent basis, two funds—one termed 'the Academical fund' to relieve aged and poor artists and their widows and children, and to this latter fund the savings are still applied, for the purpose of extending the sphere of benevolent assistance. Mr. West also diligently attended to the school of art, and his efforts were crowned with much success, but the want of patronage tended to impede the much desired elevation of art, and young artists of talent were under the degrading necessity of satisfying their wants by the execution of inferior performances. Mr. West, fearing the consequences which might eventually result from such an evil, addressed the King and several noblemen, and members of the Royal Academy concerning the necessity of a new institution, for the purpose of extending the progress of the arts, and of forwarding the views of those artists, who had completed their education at the Academy; and his Majesty promised his cordial co-operation and patronage in such projected step. In Mr. West's first discourse at the Academy, he expressed the regret which he had experienced whilst in Italy, in observing the decline of painting there, and stated that the more he contemplated and investigated the cause of the unfortunate degeneracy, the more was he inclined to attribute it as well to the corrupt taste of patronage, as to the imbecile tuition of those petty professors who practised the office of masters in every Italian town, and to that inanimate monotony and tiresome imitative mannerism, which were in Italy the perverted order of the day. Thus it was that the physiognomy of Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and all the various modern nations, heroes, patriots, lawgivers, saints, apostles, devils, virgins, queens, shepherdesses, and courtezans, displayed no varieties of character, no peculiarities of form, but all were indiscriminately sacrificed to dull uniformity, and cold uninteresting *mannerism*. Mr. West was not a *mannerist*, and was well calculated to decry and expose this perverted system of painting, by his precept and example. He was free from the idle constraint of mean and worthless imitation. After exercising his appointment of president for many years, with much talent and prudence, he resigned the chair, to which Mr. Wyatt, the architect,

succeeded. Mr. West was ere long recalled to the situation.

In 1802, he visited the National Gallery of Arts, at Paris, with his youngest son, when he was honoured with the most flattering encomiums, and received the most marked attention, and he was not inaptly termed 'the reviver of the dignity of historical painting.' He was there attended by a deputation from the National Institute, and was invited to a magnificent banquet. Flattered by the great attentions of Napoleon, the first consul, who furnished him with apartments in the Louvre, he imprudently advocated the republican cause with intemperate warmth, although he then enjoyed, from his British Majesty, a liberal pension of £1000 per year. Upon his return to England, therefore, he was received with great coolness. In 1805, the British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts, in this kingdom, was founded, pursuant to the strong recommendation of Mr. West. The declared object of this institution, was to promote talent and reward exertion in the highest departments of the Fine Arts, in historical and landscape painting, modelling, and sculpture. The annual exhibitions at this gallery, have been, from the time of its establishment, very successful, and have been forcibly aided by the contributions of West, Fuseli, Mortimer, and Copley, in history; Turner, Daniel, Ward, and Calcott, in landscapes; and Nollekens, Rossi, and Bacon, in sculpture. In 1806, Mr. West completed his much admired historical picture of 'the Death of Lord Nelson,' wherein were fifty portraits of officers and men who were actually engaged in the battle of Trafalgar, grouped with much spirit and correctness. Mr. West treated the picture as epic, being illustrative of an heroic subject, and therefore, according to the present fashion at Drury Lane, caused all the characters in the scene to centre in the celebrated hero. The picture represents the death of Nelson, and the victory of the British fleet, at one and the same time. The unaffected dignity of the figure, and the great accuracy of the portrait of Nelson, were considered as great proofs of skill. About the year 1815, Mr. West, upon being summoned to attend the committee, appointed by the House of Commons, to examine and report upon the merits and estimated value of the Elgin marbles, he stated in evidence, that he considered the Theseus and Ilissus, the *Torso* of Neptune, and the Horse's Head, as in the first class of dignified art, employed on the first specimens of nature. He considered the Apollo and *Torso* of the Belvidere and the Laocoon, as specimens of systematic art—the production of ideal form, by mechanical principles, and stated that he worked from them, as a student, for his own improvement; that he had patiently copied the best of them of the same size as the marbles; that he had introduced their spirit and forms as far as he was able, into his own compositions, and appealed to the judgment of the committee, whether he had not displayed the advantages which the study of them had afforded him in his then two last pictures—'Christ in the Temple,' and 'Christ rejected.' In his letter to Lord Elgin, he emphatically said, 'Who, in fact, can look upon the Horse's Head in your lordship's collection of Athenian sculpture, without observing the animation and expression of real life? Would not one almost suppose that some magic power, rather than a human hand, had formed the head into stone, at the moment when the horse was in all the energies of nature? We feel the same

when we view the young Athenians; and in observing them, we are insensibly carried on with the impression, that they and their horses actually existed as we see them, at the instant when they were converted into marble!" He frequently declared to his friends, that 'having seen those sculptures, he should always consider himself but as a mere student in the art, as he never could hope to equal the perfection exhibited in those admirable works of antiquity!' With respect to the Phigalian marbles, he said, 'that there were groups and figures among them deserving of the highest praise, but greatly deficient in the just proportion of heads, legs, and arms, and the draperies much confused in their folds; although when taken in the whole, they were an acquisition in art to this country, they were still inferior to the Elgin marbles, from the Temple of Minerva.' In the year 1818, 'Death on the pale Horse,' occupied the public attention, and excited the stern criticism of those who were not so much attached to the 'epic' as Mr. West, although all critics agreed in applauding the figure of Death exhibited in that picture, as sublimely terrible and admirably conceived. During the latter part of 1819, Mr. West was afflicted with severe pain, most probably the consequence of age and labour, and from which he never recovered. This cessation from the pursuit of his favourite pencil tended to confirm his ill health, and, at times, he expressed his firm determination to return to his rooms, even about a fortnight before he died, but death closed his long and honourable career, on the 11th of March last, at his house, 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, when he died without a struggle or a groan, aged eighty-one years. Soon after his decease, his sons and executors were attended by a deputation from the council of the Royal Academy, to request permission to honour the remains of their late president, by a public funeral in St. Paul's cathedral, similar to that observed for Sir Joshua Reynolds. The King, as patron of the Royal Academy, granted his sanction to the proposal, and the body of the deceased was deposited in state, in the smaller exhibition room, on the ground-floor of the institution, being hung with black, and ornamented with silver sconces and escutcheons. On the morning of the 29th of March, the remains were interred with great honours; the procession was attended by the several officers, members, and students of the Academy—the principal British artists, and many literary characters, together with a great portion of the nobility. A great concourse of people witnessed the procession. The coffin was placed in the vault of St. Paul's, close to the coffins of Wren, Reynolds, Opie, and Barry, the celebrated artists. Mr. West left two sons, Mr. Raffaele Lamar West and Mr. Benjamin West. We understand that Mr. West, at his death, possessed but little property, excepting his very valuable collection of pictures. He was appointed historical painter to his late Majesty, in 1772; President of the Royal Academy, in 1791; surveyor of royal pictures, in 1799; he was also a member of the Dilettanti Society—Society of Arts—Royal Institution—Antiquarian Society, and a Governor of the Foundling Hospital; he also enjoyed some honorary foreign distinctions. He declined the honour of knighthood, offered to him by his late Majesty, in consequence of his attachment to Quakerism. His wife died about two years ago. The following is the inscription upon his tomb-stone:—

Here lie the remains of
BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.
 President of the Royal Academy of Painting,
 Sculpture, and Architecture;
 Born 10th of October, 1738, at Springfield, in
 Pennsylvania, in America;
 Died in London, March 11, 1820.

We have, at our elbow, a list of Mr. West's works, amounting to about *six hundred* of his most esteemed historical productions; a proof, if requisite, of his extraordinary industry and zeal.

It becomes the biographer to divest himself of all unworthy prejudices, and to decide impartially upon the facts before him. In concluding the life of Mr. West, we shall neither join that interested herd, which has with singular selfishness and ignorance asserted, that he was a mere inferior artist; nor that extravagant train of partial flatterers, who have, with more of boldness than of truth, maintained, that Mr. West was the greatest artist that ever flourished. We think that every honest man must recoil with indignation, at the uncharitable injustice of the first assertion, and every impartial critic must dissent from the latter. It must be admitted, that art is much indebted to Mr. West, for boldly stemming the impetuous torrent of prejudice and fashion, and for planting the classic and ever verdant laurel, where the gay anemone before lavished its dissipating sweets. Mr. West has ever been unwilling to gratify the luscious taste of the eye, at the expence of the judgment. He has always had in view, the improvement of art and the cultivation of genius. He improved, dignified, and ennobled historical painting, and by his influence and example, greatly overcame the prejudices which once existed in the public mind, against that most interesting branch of art. He wisely considered, that although music has its local peculiarities, yet that painting, being accurate in its representation, appeals in the same manner to persons of all nations. He treated the imitation of nature, the very object of art, as a source of promoting moral virtue and exciting religious feelings.

His stories were well conceived, and were generally *got up* with taste and feeling; his outlines were forcible and interesting; his composition was correct, and his pencil was devoted to the most impressive subjects, as well human as divine. He generally displayed a perfect knowledge of the subjects which he represented, and he did not set off his paintings with the gaudy trappings of fashionable ornament, but wisely consulted grace and propriety, and his pictures were in general distinguished for their anatomical accuracy. He was zealous, affable, industrious, and at all times greatly inclined to encourage the efforts of juvenile talent, and very frequently, to our own private knowledge, laid down his pencil, in order to give instruction and advice to young artists. He adhered to the maxim of Apelles—'*nulla dies sine linea*?' and seldom extinguished his lamp before the hour of midnight. He gloried in improving the skill of others, expecting no return, no reward, but their attention and success. It afforded him pleasure to give assistance in all cases in which his experience and services could be rendered available. He possessed select specimens of the best masters, for the study of himself and others. He enjoyed, after he arrived at the age of manhood, an uninterrupted state of good health, and was honoured throughout life, with the liberal

patronage of his late Majesty and the public. He was a regular and constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, from the time of its institution until his death—a period of fifty-one years. He constantly retained a few male and female *sitters* at his rooms, wisely considering living models to be far superior to memory and lay-figures, the former not being sufficiently retentive, and the latter wanting the grace and spirit of life. For this reason, his anatomy was generally correct and animated, although, sometimes, even in that department, his powers failed, as in the picture exhibited lately at the Academy, of the 'Virgin and Child,' presented to the parish of St. Mary-lebone; the anatomy of the child was faulty, particularly the feet, which too much resembled stumps, and were drawn incorrectly; and the colouring of that picture was not of the most beautiful tone.

But to be candid is but to be just. There is a dotage in art as well as of age. And excellent as have been the works of West, it must be freely acknowledged, that his sincere friends may wish, that some of his latest productions had never been sent out of his working rooms, to lessen the honest reputation of their master. Artists should well consider, that it is not the number, but it is the merit of their works which is the guide of their reputation, and the herald of their celebrity. And, although we may properly tolerate an occasional failure, yet we expect that artists of first rate talents will be cautious of their fame, and will not incur the danger of ridicule or reproach; especially, as men of the meanest talents, exercising the petty quality of jealous envy, are, upon every such occasion, ready to tear the laurel from the head of the wearer, however long and deservedly he may have been crowned therewith. Some of Mr. West's compositions betray a manifest incorrectness of thought, and his colours were frequently unnatural and wanted depth. His hands were often disposed in affected action, and with respect to design also, it must be allowed that his finished pictures are, in many instances, inferior to his original sketches for such pictures—a fact which appears extraordinary and unnatural; but it is true. He dwelt too much upon his favourite term 'epic composition,' and, consequently, sometimes lost sight of nature and historical truth. We shall adduce two instances of this fact,—'Christ rejected,' and 'Death on the Pale Horse,' stated to be his two best pictures. In the former there are so many distant incidents introduced together—there are so many incongruous facts displayed in one common scene, that we cannot approve of the general composition, although we may admire detached parts of the design. In the latter picture also, there is so much inconsistency, and there are so many unnecessary and unnatural objects introduced, that the mind, loses sight of the great subject of the piece, and its comprehension wanders in a devious maze of wild confusion. The sketch of this picture, exhibited many years ago at the Louvre, was awfully grand and boldly impressive,—it was natural, bold, and consistent,—the destruction which the dread king of terrors entails upon the human race, was forcibly depicted, and he was very properly represented as the hero and subject of the scene. But in the picture there were wanting correctness and dramatic truth, and the introduction of Christ, *on horseback*, was as improper, as for two musicians, in the same room, to play two different airs at the same time. We have, in some very old pictures, seen a man and his wife eating their dinner—walking in their

garden—and going to church, all represented in one scene, yet they were disposed in different divisions or planes of the picture, and, therefore, could more easily reconcile to our mind the apparent incongruity. If Mr. West had entitled his picture 'The Breaking of the Fifth Seal,' it might have been more consistent and appropriate. His sketches displayed his able powers of inventive faculty, but his pictures were sometimes too much crowded and too laboured for historical truth.

We have endeavoured impartially to acquaint our readers with every important incident in the life of this great man, and we leave them to draw their conclusions from the premises, from which the influence of a powerful example of industry and emulation may at least be deduced.

*. *. T.

SPANISH INQUISITION.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate results of the present peaceful revolution in Spain, it has already effected one event glorious in itself and grateful to humanity. The Inquisition is abolished, and from the disposition of the people, we trust that it will never be in the power of king's or priests to revive it. The following is a table of the victims of that infernal tribunal, during a period of more than three centuries. It shows the diminution of its violence with the increase of knowledge:—

Epochs.	Grand Inquisition and Sovereigns.	1st Class, Burnt alive.	2d Class, Burnt in Effigy.	3d Class.*
1 from 1481 to 1498	Torquemada . . .	10,220	6,860	97,321
2 — 1498 — 1507	Archbishop Diza . .	2,592	896	34,952
3 — 1507 — 1517	Cardinal Ximinez . .	3,564	1,232	48,059
4 — 1517 — 1522	Card. Adrian, aft. Pope	1,520	560	21,845
5 — 1522 — 1523	Interregnum . . .	324	112	4,309
6 — 1523 — 1538	Cardinal Manrique . .	250	1,125	11,250
7 — 1538 — 1545	Cardinal Tavera . .	840	420	5,460
8 — 1546 — . .	Cardinal Louisa . .	120	60	600
9 — — — 1556	Charles V. . . .	1,200	600	6,000
10 — 1556 — 1597	Philip II. . . .	3,690	1,845	18,450
11 — 1597 — 1621	Philip III. . . .	1,840	920	13,848
12 — 1621 — 1665	Philip IV. . . .	2,816	1,408	10,386
13 — 1665 — 1700	Charles II. . . .	1,728	864	6,912
14 — 1700 — 1746	Philip V. . . .	1,564	782	11,730
15 — 1746 — 1754	Ferdinand VI. . . .	10	5	170
16 — 1754 — 1788	Charles III. . . .	4	—	56
17 — 1788 — 1808	Charles IV. . . .	—	1	42
Total		32,382	17,690	291,450

* Imprisoned, with confiscation of Property.

Original Poetry.

LELIA HATH AN EYE OF JET.

LELIA hath an eye of jet,
And as a star that eye is gleaming;
It witching lures me to forget
Young Rosa's eye, where love is beaming.
Sweet it is, when zephyrs rove
In playfulness 'mid summer roses,
To hear her fervent vows of love,
As on my arm her cheek reposes.
Oh! my Lelia! beauteous maid,

My lovely, smiling, dark-eyed Lelia!
 A cot would be
 A throne to me
 If thou wert there, my charming Lelia!
 Lelia hath a ruby lip,
 And on it dwell a thousand blisses,
 Bliss sweet that Cupids sip
 Whene'er they snatch her balmy kisses.
 Oh, that lip of rosy dye!
 That balmy lip with rapture teeming!—
 That bright that sweet expressive eye,
 Whence wild affection's ray is beaming!
 Oh, that lip—that eye for me!
 My cheerful, sportive, winning Lelia!
 Oh let me sip
 From off that lip
 Nectareous sweetness, lovely Lelia!

Lelia hath a rosy cheek,
 That dimpled like the sunny ocean,
 When zephyrs on its surface break,
 And fan its breast in warm devotion.
 And, oh! her bosom's like the snow
 That Heaven sends in virgin whiteness,
 When Winter cold, with frigid brow,
 Descends from climes of starry brightness.
 Oh that cheek!—that breast of snow!
 My lovely, charming, blissful Lelia!

No other form
 With love can warm
 This breast like thine, my rosy Lelia!
 10th March, 1820.

TYRO.

RURAL LIFE.

O'er fragrant fields, at morn we'll stray,
 Where sweets perfume the new-mown hay,
 Add richness to the gale.
 The infant train the mother leads,
 To gather daisies in the meads,
 Or cowslips from the dale.

Ye rural walks by silent streams,
 That, shelter'd from the sunny beams
 Of parching noon-day heat,
 The cedar tall, and glossy pine,
 The branching oaks, and spreading vine,
 Now form a cool retreat.

Philomel chaunts her tuneful note,
 The painted linnæa swells her throat,
 In yonder rosy vale;
 They bid adieu the setting day,
 Whilst home the plowman bends his way,
 And whistling thro' the dale.

W. G.

THE TEAR.

ON SEEING A LADY WEEP.

I saw thee blush—a liquid light
 Sprang in thine eye of blue—
 It glow'd as pure as heav'nly bright,
 As morn's pellucid dew.

I heard the gentle heaving sigh
 Thy heart's own grief bespeak;—
 The tear beheld that left thine eye
 To glitter on thy cheek.

I saw thee gaze,—I saw thee weep,—
 Again I heard thee sigh—
 'Twas pity's tear that gemm'd thy cheek,
 'Twas virtue dew'd thine eye!

WILFORD.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On the 30th March last, at a general assembly of this institution, Sir Thomas Lawrence, knight, was duly elected the president thereof, in the stead of B. West, Esq. deceased.

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Of all the ancient Gothic structures in this kingdom, the chapel of King's College is one of the most splendid. The *tout ensemble*, as well internal as external, of this magnificent specimen of genuine Gothic architecture, strikes the beholder with astonishment and veneration;—astonishment at the immense labour which must have been required to complete the stupendous pile—and veneration for the ancient hands which reared this towering edifice of imposing grandeur. The front faces the lawn of King's College, which is bounded by the smooth margin of the interesting river Cam. A very large window occupies a great part of the front of this spacious edifice. The ornamental workmanship exhibited in the external part has great richness, and is in a very perfect state of preservation. The porch at the side entrance is a rich specimen of Gothic taste. On each side of the front next the lawn, is a high pinnacle or narrow turret, ornamented with the rose and portcullis, surmounted with the royal crown. Immediately over the front porch are carved, in stone, the ancient arms of England, *i. e. d.* the shield bearing the *fleurs de lis*, and three lions passant properly quartered, and supported on the right by a dragon, and on the left by a greyhound. On each side of the arms, is a rose surmounted with a crown. The interior of the chapel is deserving of peculiar remark, as it exhibits a *chef d'œuvre* of Gothic architectural art. It is in height 78 feet, in length 291 feet, and in width forty-five feet, being a single room unsupported by pillars. The walls are enriched with sculptured decorations, not of plaster but cut from the solid stone, and are in a fine state of perfection. The rose and crown are within, the favourite subjects of decorative embellishment. The ground is paved with black and white marble in the usual escutcheon form, and the extent of the pavement produces in perspective an interesting effect. There are on each side twelve large windows, all being curiously composed of mosaic coloured glass, in the ancient style of glass-painting, representing a complete history of the principal events recorded in the Old and New Testaments, from the creation of Adam to the ascension of Christ. The colours are in general rich and perfect, but of course gaudy; the composition is not devoid of merit, but it may be needless to observe that the windows are only to be admired as valuable and extensive specimens of ancient art, and will not vie with the beauty and regularity of more modern productions. Considering the difficulty with which our ancestors had to contend, we may reasonably be surprised at their skill in producing such comparatively splendid compositions, when their delineation on glass was confined within the narrow trammels of Mosaic poverty. The windows of this chapel must rank very high amongst the most excellent Gothic glass works. The wood carving, executed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, is cleverly wrought; in some places appear cut the cyphers 'H. A.' for Henry and Anne Boleyn. But the very curious roof must be considered as the most astonishing part of this

chapel. It is formed of solid stone, and is entirely supported by the side buttments of the building, and its strength is dependent upon the key stones, each being of the weight of one ton.

Upon ascending a very light revolving staircase, we found ourselves in a spacious room, and walked over the roof of the ceiling which we had lately admired for its beauty and solidity of construction; that is to say, we traversed the summit of those huge massive stones which form the ceiling of the chapel below. The reader may imagine the sublimity which pervaded our minds, at the contemplation of the scene around and below us, being present in a room 291 feet long, forty feet wide, and eighty-five feet above the ground, and walking over stones, some of which weigh two or three tons; with a light sufficient to guide our track, and yet not enough to detract from the sublimity of the scene, we could not but feel inspired with sentiments of grandeur and astonishment. The stones forming the floor of this attic hall are not even, but slope in regular divisions on each side. It is a matter of great astonishment and profound inquiry how our forefathers raised such heavy stones and disposed them in their present condition, forming a solid stone roof of such an extensive edifice, and almost defying the ravages of time and the decay of ruin. Above our heads, we found a roof comparatively of modern date, supported by stout rafters of fine oak. On each side of this grand attic, is a narrow gallery, extending without interruption along the whole length of the building, and which forcibly reminded us of the long galleries of antiquity. In the gallery are several doors leading to the great dark room. From the upper roof is a most extensive view of Cambridge and its vicinity. Any one who desires to be inspired with sentiments of the sublime, should visit this wonderful work of ancient art, which appears the most prominent feature on the London road, and combines very great strength with beauty of construction. The great room over the ceiling is said to be unequalled in England. It would be a curiously interesting subject of calculation to compute the entire weight of this great building. There is a fine organ in the centre of the chapel, the rich tones of which have a powerful effect upon the mind in exciting sentiments of religious fervor and sacred awe. * * T.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Elliston has not conformed to the long established usage, of adapting holiday performances to holiday visitors; hence nothing new was produced on Easter Monday. On Wednesday night, the opera of *Artaxerxes* was performed, with a strength of vocal talent very rarely combined in one piece. The part of Arbaces was sustained by Mr. Braham, with his usual ability, although it is not a character that exhibits his great talents to the best advantage. Incledon resumed his old part of Artabanus; and notwithstanding his defective utterance, and the effect of time on a voice which once delighted every ear, he gave the songs with effect, and was received with that kind of indulgence which the public always extend to an old favourite. Madame Vestris appeared, for the first time, as Artaxerxes, which is said to be her favourite character, and which has often been played by a female. In the first act she had a solo, *In Infancy our Hopes and Fears*, which she sung most de-

lightfully, and was loudly encored. The part of Mandane fell to Miss Carew, and it would be difficult to get a better representative. It is one of her best characters and we never heard her in finer voice. The songs of *Monster away* and *Lost in anxious Doubt*, were executed with great taste and judgment; and the difficult and beautiful air, *The Soldier tir'd*, she gave with great animation and peculiar felicity, which was honoured with a loud *encore*. The other characters in the opera were respectably filled.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new pantomime was produced at this theatre on Monday night, under the title of *Harlequin and Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper*. It is founded on that classical and moral tale, which is so familiar to the nursery as to render any account of the story unnecessary; we, therefore, need only observe, that the principal incidents are displayed in an ingenious and lively manner. The domestic servitude of Cinderella—the compassionate benevolence of her protecting fairy—her appearance at the splendid ball—her conquest of the heart of the prince—the loss of her glass slipper—and her speedy return to the humble station from which she was again raised, and called to a happy fortune, are all introduced; nor was the coach and four horses, which the good fairy created for her favourite heroine, omitted. In the getting up of this piece, much ingenuity has been successfully exerted. The scenery is good, though not in the usually splendid style of this theatre. The tricks are less original and ingenious than we should have expected. The pantomime was received with great applause by the holiday visitors, and will no doubt run some time.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Mathews was again 'At Home' on Monday night, and introduced his *Country Cousins* to a most crowded audience, all of whom seemed very happy to make such an acquaintance.

SURRY THEATRE.—Every opening of this theatre is marked by the production of some novelty. On Monday night, an historical melodrama was performed, for the first time, under the title of the *Fate of Calas*. It is founded on that affecting and melancholy fact of the family of Calas falling the victims of furious intolerance; the particulars of which we have given in another part of this day's *Chronicle*. The story is in itself so horrible, that it would be difficult to believe that such an outrage could have been committed in the middle of the eighteenth century; and yet it is strictly true. The story of the drama is necessarily altered; it is short and simple. Calas has a son, who is led into profligate habits by a villain named Ambroise, an enemy of the family, and who urges young Calas to the crime of suicide. He next accuses the father of the murder of his son, who, in consequence, is condemned and sentenced to suffer death; but just as this victim of malice and fury is about to be put to the rack, a letter is produced, written by young Calas before he committed the dreadful crime, which discovers the guilt of the false accuser. Calas is restored to his family, and the villain suffers. The parts of *Calas* by Mr. Bengough, *Madame Calas* by Miss Taylor, and *Edward*, a young man betrothed to the daughter of Calas, by Mr. Huntley, were admirably supported. It is a most affecting piece. The language is good, and many of the incidents particularly striking. It was received with loud applause.—That comic and pathetic melange, 'full of doleful mirth and right merrie conceit,' yclept *Melodrame Mad, or the Siege of Troy*, was revived with great effect. It has al-

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ways occurred to us that this piece, which is the best burlesque we ever witnessed, is almost too classical for the Surry side of the water. We mean no offence to the audience frequenting this theatre, who have given many proofs of their good taste; but, as almost every incident related by the historian of the Siege of Troy is preserved in the burlesque, those who are best acquainted with Homer will most admire it. The principal characters were the same as usual, with the exception of Hector, played by Mr. Smith, whom we are glad to see again on these boards. It is scarcely necessary to say, that he represented the Trojan hero most admirably. The season has commenced auspiciously, and from Mr. Dibdin's activity there is no doubt of a spirited summer campaign.

COBURG THEATRE.—During the short period this theatre was closed, eight new private boxes have been erected in the rear of the original boxes, and are admirably contrived to increase the peculiar elegance of appearance which always distinguished the lower circle of this theatre. A very splendid drama, called the *Crusaders, or Jerusalem Delivered*, (the main incidents of which are taken from Tasso's Poem,) from the pen of Mr. W. Barrymore, was produced for the first time on Monday. The interest of the piece is well sustained throughout, in the course of which Mrs. Barrymore displayed her histrionic skill with great effect. Mr. T. P. Cooke and Mr. H. Kemble very skilfully sustained the two most prominent male characters, and the other performers, too numerous to be particularized, acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience. An elegant ballet is introduced with good effect, and the scenery and machinery truly deserve the most unqualified praise. Between this piece and the pantomime, of which we can say nothing very favourable, two young ladies named Usher, danced on the double rope with great skill and elegance; the younger particularly distinguished herself in her *seul* performance.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—An equestrian melodrama, called *Xaia of China, or the Fatal Flood-Gate*, was produced at this theatre on Monday. It admits of placing the horses in very effective situations, which will always ensure the success of a piece in which they sustain such important characters. After various feats of horsemanship and rope-dancing, a new comic pantomime, called *Hundred Eyes, or Harlequin and Argus*, kept up the good humour of the audience, who appeared delighted with their evening's amusement.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This once favourite theatre opened for the season on Monday night, under the management of Mr. Howard Payne, who, we doubt not, will restore it to that rank it formerly maintained amongst the metropolitan places of amusement. A new pantomime, called *Goody Two Shoes*, exhibited the feats of Grimaldi and Bologna, as clown and harlequin, and of Miss Valancey, (from Drury Lane,) as columbine. A melodrama, entitled, *Calas, or Father and Son*, followed. This piece has great force of situation, and is well written. The evening concluded with a comic piece, entitled, *The Cottage of the Lake*, in which the celebrated dog *Bruin* displayed his wonderful sagacity. There was, during the evening, much good singing and dancing. All the pieces were received with great applause, by a very crowded audience.—The house has been very tastefully decorated, and the scenery is entirely new.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

There are now in Rome several literary men, who have travelled through the Levant; among them are Messrs. Banks and Parry, who have also recently visited Abyssinia and Upper Egypt. Mr. Banks discovered in the ruins of an Asiatic town, a Latin inscription, which contains a kind of tariff of provisions and manual labour in the time of the Roman empire.

Winged Carriage.—A Paris paper gives the following account of a new vehicle, with wings, exhibited in the Jardin Marbeuf:—'The machine was built in England, and the object of the inventor was to supply the place of horses by the help of wings. Its mechanism is extremely simple, and apparently ingenious. A rudder, affixed to the hinder wheels, serves to give the vehicle a proper direction, and two wings, fixed to the shafts, propel it forward. It is said that it is capable of going thirty miles in an hour, which we know is equal to the speed of a horse at full gallop.—The idea of this machine is not new. In 1774 or 1775, the Count de Grebeauval, officer of artillery in the French service, displayed the model of a machine, which he moved without the aid of horses. In Russia and in Sweden, when a vessel on a river or lake is surprised by the ice, they constantly affix rollers to it, and it continues its course by the help of sails. This is probably the origin of this new machine.'

The dignity of a baronet of the united kingdom has been most deservedly conferred on Walter Scott. It is honourable to the bard, and speaks much in favour of his Majesty's patronage of men of genius, that the poet is the first individual on whom the title of baronet has been conferred in the present reign. Indeed, it is an act which may almost be said to 'bless the giver more than the receiver.'

New Musical Instrument.—A new musical keyed instrument is described as the invention of M. Schortmann, of Buttstead. The tones are produced by short rods of burnt wood, of various lengths and breadths, put into vibration by a current of air. Its pianissimo perfectly resembles the *Æolian* harp, and it is described as imitating the harmonica, clarionet, horn, hautboy, and violin, with much exactness.

Remedy for the Plague.—The use of olive oil has lately been recommended as a very effectual remedy for the plague. It was strongly praised some years ago by Mr. Baldwin, an English consul in the east; and in the month of June, last year, Mr. Graberg writes from Tangiers, that by drinking from four to eight ounces of it, a number of patients have been saved from death. The remedy acts generally as a sudorific, an abundant sweat breaks out all over the body; it sometimes proves vomitive and purgative, but the sweating is most salutary. Its use has been recommended for trial in disorders allied to the plague.

The celebrated traveller, M. Belzoni, has arrived in this metropolis, after an absence of ten years, five of which he has employed in arduous researches after the curious remains of an antiquity in Egypt and Nubia. The famous sarcophagus of alabaster, discovered by him in Thebes, is safely deposited in the hands of the British consul, in Alexandria, preparatory to its embarkation for England, together with the obelisk, 22 feet long, taken by Mr. Belzoni. The journal of his discoveries in Egypt and Nubia, and of his journey on the coast of the Red Sea and the Osassis, will be published as soon as possible. The model of the beautiful tomb discovered by him in Thebes, will be erected as soon as a convenient place shall be found for its reception.

Change of Voice by Hydrogen.—Mr. Cooper has ascertained that if hydrogen gas be breathed for a few moments, it has the curious effect of changing the voice. The effect is observed, on the person speaking immediately after leaving the vessel of hydrogen, but it soon goes off. No instance has yet occurred in which this effect on the voice has not been produced by the hydrogen.

New Yellow Dye, for Wool, Silk, Cotton, Flax, &c.—M. Braconnot has lately applied realgar, or the sulphuret of arsenic, in the manner of a dye to various materials, and from the success he has met with, has no doubt it will become valuable to dyers. The dye-stuff is made by dissolving sulphuret of arsenic in ammonia, but it requires certain precautions to succeed in doing this: one part of sulphur, two parts of the white oxide of arsenic, and five parts of common pearlash, are to be fused in a crucible, at a heat a little below redness; a yellow mass results, which is to be dissolved in hot water, and filtered. The filtered solution, diluted with water, is to be treated with weak sulphuric acid, and will give a very fine yellow precipitate. When washed, it dissolves with great facility in ammonia, forming a solution at first yellow, but becoming colourless by the addition of more ammonia. The wool, silk, cotton, or linen, is to be dipped in this solution, more or less diluted, according to the colour required, care being taken that no metallic vessels be used. On taking them out again they are at first colourless, but as the ammonia evaporates become yellow. They are to be exposed to free access of air on all sides, and then washed and dried. Wool should be left in the liquor until perfectly impregnated with it, and on being withdrawn should be only slightly wrung, or even not at all. Silk, cotton, and flax, merely require immersion, and should have the excess of fluid wrung from them.

This dyeing material has the power of giving all shades of yellow, and is very permanent in the air: alkalies, and consequently soap, injure it, but for taffeta, velvet, and other manufactures of that kind, it offers many advantages.—*Annales de Chimie*, xii. p. 398.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Lope de Vega—This celebrated Spanish poet used constantly to write five sheets a day, which, multiplied by the days of his life, would make 133,225 sheets; and, reckoning the number of verses corresponding to each sheet, it will appear that, exclusively of prose, he wrote 21,316,000 verses, an unheard of exertion and facility of versification.

Romeo and Juliet.—In the scene between Juliet and the nurse in the cell, the modern editions of the play have the speech of Juliet—

O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower:

and so it is played, but all the ancient copies, except the quarto of 1697, have it, 'off any tower;' and the scene being in a cell, where it was not very easy to see a tower, seems rather to warrant any being the true reading.

Dr. Johnson.—When the doctor first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went to laugh away an hour at Southwark Fair. At one of the booths, where wild beasts were exhibited to the admiring crowd, was a very large bear, which the showman assured them was *cotched* in the desert of Russia. The bear was muzzled; but to all the company, except Johnson, he was very surly and ill-tempered; of the philosopher, he seemed extremely fond. 'How is it,' said one of the company, 'that this savage animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?' 'From a very natural cause,' replied Mallett; 'the bear is a Russian philosopher, and he knows that Linnæus would have placed him in the same class with the English moralist. They are two barbarous animals of the same species.'

We are not to wonder that scholars have indulged themselves in *spiritualizing* books. 'A woman,' says one, 'is a book.' Another has the following epigram on marriage:—

Let the good man, for nuptial rites designed,
Turn over every page of woman-kind;
Mark every sense, and how the readings vary,
And, when he's read them over, let him marry.

Monsieur Geoffrin.—A wag, who was in the habit of sending books to Monsieur Geoffrin, sent him several times in succession, the first volume of Father Lobat's Travels. The good man, with all the composure possible, always read the book over again without perceiving the mistake. 'How do you like these Travels, sir?' 'They are very interesting; but the author seems to be somewhat given to repetition.' He read Bayle's Dictionary with great attention, following the line with his finger along the double columns! 'What an excellent work,' he said, 'if it were only a little less abstruse.' However deficient the poor man was, he was permitted to sit down to dinner, at the end of the table, upon condition that he never attempted to join in the conversation. A foreigner, who was very assiduous in his visits to Madame Geoffrin, one day, not seeing him, as usual, at table, inquired after him. 'What have you done, madame, with the poor man, whom I always used to see here, and who never spoke a word?'—'Oh! that was my husband—he is dead.'

Mr. Walter Scott having placed a portrait of himself and his dog in the front of one of his quartos, a wag recommended the following motto for the corresponding title-page:—

My dog and I we have a trick
Of curing you when you are sick:
When you are sick, and like to die,
Why then come in my dog and I.

When the well known Dr. Barth preached for the first time, in his native city of Leipsic, he disdained the usual precaution of having his sermon placed in the Bible before him, to refer to in case of need. A violent thunder storm arising, just as he was in the middle of his discourse, and a tremendous clap causing him to lose the thread of his argument, with great composure and dignity, he shut the Bible, saying, with great emphasis, '*When God speaks, man must hold his peace.*' He then came down from the pulpit, and the whole congregation looked on him with admiration and wonder, as a mighty pillar of the church.

ETYMOLOGIES.—*Hoax*.—This word is now very common in our language. Dr. Johnson has not introduced it into his Dictionary, although it was employed long before his time, but disguised by its orthography. In Richard Head's '*Art of Wheedling*,' 12mo. 1684, p. 254, it is thus used: 'The mercer cries, was ever a man so *hocuss'd*?' so that *hoax*, or, as it was originally written, *hocus*, is any species of dexterous imposition,—similar to the tricks of the juggler, whose art was termed *Hocus Pocus*, which is generally admitted to be a corruption of *Hoc est corpus*.

Noodle and Doodle.—Dr. Johnson has exercised his good sense in deriving *Doodle* from *do little*. There is another word of the same derivation, which he has overlooked,—*Daudle* or *Dawdle*, frequently applied to maid-servants; as, 'The girl is quite a *dawdle*;' meaning, that she is very slow and does little. The word *Noodle*, is from *know little*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to an esteemed correspondent we would observe, however much we could wish to conform to his favourite system of orthography, that as it would be impracticable to extend such an indulgence to all, our refusal to him will be considered a proof of impartiality. That correctness which he admits to prevail, depends upon a system generally known, and would be at least shaken by any partial change.

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